THE TICKLER.

BY TOBY SCRATCH'EM.

VOL II.——No. 18. Whole No. 70.

" Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one *worthy man* my foe,
Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear!"

POPE.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 14, 1809.

TERMS OF THE TICKLER.

I. The Tickler shall be printed on a neat type and good paper, medium size, and delivered to subscribers residing within the city and suburbs on every Wednesday morning. Papers for subscribers residing at a distance, shall be forwarded according to the directions given.

II. Subscription——Four dollars per annum, payable quarterly, in advance. Subscribers not residing within the city and suburbs pay half yearly, in advance. Single papers, twelve and an half cents.

III. Unless notice is given of an intention to discontinue, at the end of a quarterly, semi-annual, or annual subscription, the omission will be considered as a new engagement, and the papers forwarded accordingly.

Subscriptions received at the publication office, No. 131, South Front-street.

A REQUEST.

The person who lately borrowed a wheel-barrow, without asking permission to take it, from No. 187, Arch-street, is requested to appiy for the side boards: but if he is too *modest* or *independent* to ask a favor, he will please to return the wheel barrow to the proper owners, and by so doing prevent the exposure of his name.

FISHER & EVANS.

June 7.

District of Pennsylvania, *to wit:*

BE it remembered, That on the eleventh day of May, in the thirty-third year of the independence of the United States of America, A.D. 1809, Benjamin Carr, of the said district, hath deposited in this office, the title of a book the right whereof he claims as proprietor in the words following, to wit:

'APPLICAZIONE ADDOLCITA, twelve airs and a ground with variations, or arranged as rondos in the different major & minor keys chiefly in use, with the fingering marked, and a small prelude to each, by Benjamin Carr. OP. 6. price 3 dollars.

'The certainty that there cannot be too great a number of pieces proper for pupils, is the inducement for the present addition to those already published; the following are not placed in any progressive order, farther than the regular increase of sharps and flats; the little preludes being all upon the same construction, may perhaps give some idea of transposition & variation. To amateurs who occasionally wish for some short pieces of the above kind, this work is also respectfully submitted.'

In conformity to the act of the congress of the United States, intituled, 'An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned.' And also to the act, entitled, 'An act supplementary to an act entitled, an act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the time therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving and etching historical and other prints.'

D. CALDWELL,
CLERK
of the District of Pennsylvaaia.

June 7.

Aaron Waddle,
MERCHANT TAYLOR,
No. 40, north Eighth-street.

June 7

PATENT

WALL COLOURING,

AND PAINTING

IN IMITATION OF PAPERING.

THE subscriber respectfully presents his thanks to to the public, for the general encouragement he has met with, in the above-mentioned new method of ornamenting walls instead of papering; and as a number of improvements have been made, some defects discovered and accordingly corrected, he flatters himself, that a repetition of his former advertisements, as also a statement of his improvements, will be acceptable to the citizens at large. The superior advantages attending this painting, in respect to durability, cost, and not being a harbor for insects, must be obvious to every unprejudiced observer. It is generally known, that paper cannot be made to last long on damp walls, whereas the painting when executed in water colors, will stand proof for a considerable time, without being injured by it. The roughness of walls is as effectually hid by the painting when figured, as by papering, and when become scaly by repeated white washing, the subscriber has them scraped and cleansed with appropriate instruments. Among the number of his improvements may be rated in the first instance, his greater facility and accuracy in copying the most difficult patterns from paper. He has also discovered a better method of preparing his colors for plain grounds on new walls, and old ones, exposed to damp. He has invented a machine for a scaffold to raise and lower and move about without coming down, practicable in all parts of a building, by which means he will be enabled to do his work nearly half as fast again. He will for the future be better aided by proper instructed assistants, so as to prevent disappointment, and also establish a better, and to the public more satisfactory regulation of his prices.

Specimens in oil and water colours, may be seen in all parts of the city and suburbs. Patterns already copied from paper, to be chosen at his dwelling, No. 108, north Seventh-street, where written directions will be duly attended to.

N. B. Two boys, from 14 to 18 years of age, and of good moral character, wanted as apprentices.

Augustus Uz.

May 10——tf

FOR SALE,

At No. 9, Chesnut-street.

For cash, or an endorsed note at 60 or 90 days, Mr. *NOBLE C. NEILSON's* CHECK, on the Farmers' and Mechanics' bank, for 250 dollars, payment thereof being stopped by the drawer.

GEORGE ABBOTT.

NB. Insert the above once a week for 6 months, unless the check is sooner disposed of. May 24.

Printing.

Books, pamphlets, cards, handbills, and every species of printing, neatly and promptly executed, on reasonable terms, at the office of the Tickler.

A VIS AU PUBLIC,

....

De l'arrivee de l'agent de Christophe.

Cet avide et brigand B******, ce vil soutien d'un monstre plus cruel encore que Dessalines, après avoir été complice de l'assassinat des milliers des d'hommes dans l'île d'Haiti, est arrivé chargé de leurs dépouilles; et pour comble des forfaits, il s'en retourne, il va échapper des sélérats du châtiment qu'ils méritens. Je ne doute point que Christophe ne vienne a vec lui. Je mets ceci au jour afin que le public sache qu'un blanc tel que lui dont l'ame est aussi noire que son impudique négresse est capable des plus grands crimes pour satisfaire son insatiable avidité.

June 7

Dr. Godbold's
Vegetable Balm of Life.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

The following certificate is published at the request of the under-mentioned *NOBILITY*, &c. who honoured the late Proprietor with their names, to prove the validity of his assertions and for the good of mankind.

Godbold's Vegetable Balm of Life,

So truly efficacious in the cure of Consumptions and Asthmas, ought not only to be held in high estimation, but its reputation ever preserved; for which purpose, in justice to Mr. Godbold, sole patentee of the Vegetable Balm of Life, (and as a tribute due to him for the many years study and infinite expence he has been at, in discovering and bringing to perfection a medicine of such utility and importance,) we do hereby certify and declare, that this medicine, the superior efficacy of which we have experienced in our own families and to whomsoever we have recommended it, is a sovereign remedy in Consumptions, Asthmas, Coughs, Colds, and Scorbutic complaints; we, therefore, recommend it as highly necessary to be kept in all families, and it is our earnest request that the afflicted may give it trial, being convinced of its certain success in those complaints.

Most noble the marquis of Lothian
Right hon. viscount Dudley and Ward
Right hon. lord Grantley
Right hon. lord Macdonald
Right hon. lord Fortescue
Right hon. lord Montfort
Right hon. viscountess Dudley and Ward
Right hon. lady dowager Grantley
Right hon. lady dowager Fortescue
Right hon. Mr. Shirley
Right hon. lady dowager viscountess Falmouth
Lady Appreece
Sir John Coghill, bart.
Sir Francis Blake, bart.
Sir Brook Bridges, bart.
Sir Edward Newenham, bart. M. P. for Dublin
Judge Barrington, ditto
Sir George Armstrong, bart.
Sir James Lake, bart.
General Drouly
Colonel Doyle, and
Colonel De Bath.

The proprietor had the honour to receive a letter from the right hon. earl of Stamford, wherein he says, 'I shall with pleasure give any person who might apply to me, my opinion of the good effects of your most valuable medicine.'

Attested certificates from the above noble persons, explaining the particulars of each cure effected, are wrapped round each bottle, together with other certificates too numerous to mention.

This medicine is sold by appointment of the proprietor, in bottles at one dollar each, by

W. LEHMAN; W. SMITH & SON,
South Second-street, 1st house above the Bank of Pennsylvania.
JOHN Y. BRYANT,
Corner of Pine & Second-streets.
JOHN HART,
South Second near Market-street.
BAZIN & CO.
No. 11, north Second-street.
SAMUEL WETHERILL & SON,
Front-street near Arch-street.
JOHN WETHERILL,
Corner of Arch and Front-streets.
STEPHEN NORTH,
No. 85, Market-street.
JOSEPH LEHMAN,
No. 223, Market-street.

And likewise by the proprietor himself,

Henry Ward,
Corner of Walnut and Eighth-streets.

At the same places may be had, Dr. Jebb's Nature's Restorative, and also, Dr. Tissot's Gout and Rheumatic Drops.

A liberal allowance will be made to those who purchase by the dozen.

NB. None are genuine without the signature of the proprietor as above.

May 3, 1809.

The Tickler.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 14.

FOR THE TICKLER.

ANOTHER

NEW SONG,

TO AN OLD TUNE.

Says Duane to the Doctor, I never 'till now heard,
Why the people abuse me, and call me a *cow*-herd,
In geographical science, they all must be fools,
I'm not from the country of *cows*, but of *bulls*.
Derry down——

Says the Doctor, dear colonel, their meaning you've miss'd,
That title don't come from the country you wist,
But they have an idea, which yourself must allow,
You've so long been a *calf*, you must needs be a *cow*.
Derry down——

Says Duane to his friend, than the man in the moon,
I know no more, doctor, why they call me *Pol-troon*,
Her name you know, gen'ral, it never was Pol,
As they've miss'd it in that too, I'll sing fol de rol.
Derry down——

Says Mikey, be patient, you cannot guess right,
They mean neither man, child, or woman's name by't,
But a mode they've in India of taking a strole,
Some call't, riding on horseback, some straddling a *pole*.
Derry down——

Says Duane, to the Doctor, to know I desire,
The reason why people do call me a *lyre*,
An Irishman's not fond of that instrument,
They sure mean a harp as a great compliment.
Derry down——

Says the Doctor, dear colonel, your vanity's great,
To swallow such doses of quizzical prate,
They call you a *lyre*, for when struck with a tang,
You're sure like that instrument always to *twang*.
Derry down——

FOR THE TICKLER.

UNCLE CORNEY.

NO. II.

Tam O'Shanter was an old family servant and descended with the paternal estate to my uncle Corney. My uncle and Tam were nearly of an age, and in their younger years, by the force of sympathy, or from a similarity in their dispositions, they became intimately associated, even to the exclusion of my father, whose extreme youth was the barrier to a connection with them in many of those perilous enterprizes which form the pastime of robust boys.

Tam would at any time race his horse with my uncle for the sole pleasure of beating him, without any other reward than the consciousness of superior horsemanship, and entirely free from the insulting triumphs, which distinguish the jockies of the present day.

I remember, (said *Tam*, who delighted in rehearsing the youthful exploits of his young master & himself) I remember, said he, rambling with master Corney along the banks of the sluice meadow, in search of birds eggs; I espied a nest on the branch of a willow extended over the creek, and informing Corney of it, he bounced up the tree with the rapidity of a squirrel, and extending himself at full length on one of the limbs, was reaching out with both arms to seize his prey, when the limb snapped short off, and threw Corney into the creek, I immediately jumped in after him, and catching him by the shoulders just as he came up, I swam with him to the shore, which I with difficulty reached, and laid him on the bank, he was almost gone; I then sat down by his side and wept over him with the most lamentable cries. At length almost driven to despair at the misfortune, I resolved to run home with the woeful tidings; but Corney opened his eyes and looked at me with such a look—O how my poor heart did bounce for joy——I caught him round the neck, I ran, I hallooed, laughed and cried for the rapture I felt at his recovery. Here a tear glistened in old *Tam*'s eye which he wiped off with his sleeve——Poor good old soul! *Tam*, thou art happy thought I, thy memory serves but to recount thy good actions, untinctured with pride, unadulterated with an iota of guilt or condemnation: all thy gratifications are innocent, all thy desires are bounded by the circle of thy master's pleasures.

I have here given this short sketch of *Tam*'s character, in justice to his memory, and to account for the familiarity between him and his grateful master

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My uncle's nap was now ended, and he walked into the parlour with a slow solemn air—the fore-finger of his left hand placed on his nose; his right rammed to the very bottom of his coat pocket, which he twisted round a considerable distance over his thigh, disclosing *a red patch*——ne! uncle, cried I, I believe thou hast robbed our late president of a patch from his small clothes—for which, believe me, I think it savours a little of the *new philosophy*. There thou art out, replied my uncle, with a look of supercilious haughtiness which I never before observed, whilst the words 'there thou art out' reverberated from every corner of the room—and so forcibly struck me with my imprudence in speaking so contemptibly of my good uncle, that I remained some time silent, during this state of suspense, I observed Tam whispering to my uncle, and eyeing me closely, as though expostulating with him in my favour: so it was, for soon my uncle turned towards me, and expressed himself thus—I see my cousin, thou art grieved—Indeed I know I spoke harshly, but excuse me, I did not like the comparison; any thing else would have amused me, but a man, so——so—— here my uncle hesitated, then resuming the subject——I will not speak evil against him, that were uncharitable, I will only repeat *I did not like the comparison*. I beg pardon, answered I, your goodness overwhelms me—for my uncle Corney was naturally of a mild disposition, loth to afflict even the most contemptible of the creation, and ever ready to indulge in acts of the greatest humanity; yet, withall, my uncle was rather quick in passion, and frequently petulant; but in these, except on important occasions, he very seldom indulged, being always checked by a presence of mind, which was the result of his own innocence and integrity and a clear conscience

My uncle Corney having sipped his tea and folded up his napkin, as was usual with him, nay, more; he always replaced his chair; thinking it no disparagement to perform those little offices himself, though Tam frequently offered to do it for him ——

Tam, said my uncle——sir, answered Tam——Tam, continued my uncle, picking his teeth, without noticing Tam's appearance——Prepse your honour, said Tam, I'm here——Do you go Tam and borrow a news paper, said my uncle Corney, taking out his spectacles which he wiped clean, and gently placed on his nose—*Tam* ran off and soon returned with the object of his errand, and making a low bow, 'please your honour, said *Tam*, here is a newspaper, chuck full, for your honour's inspection——very well, said my uncle, placing one leg on a stool, crossing it with the other, and—Nephew, do you search for my snuff box, *will you?* To be sure he will says *Tam*——that I will, cried I, retiring for the purpose——

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—— which having found I returned——but lo! my uncle was vociferating the most bitter execrations on the wickedness of the editor, and criminating poor *Tam* for bringing him such vile trash——for my uncle Corney was perusing—Alas! poor *Tam*, how didst then rue the affront unknowingly put upon thy master——my uncle held up the paper between his thumb and finger——and, with a look of ineffable contempt, most contemptuously said——thou production of a scape gallows, thou execrable offspring of the Maidstone mocking bird, thou faithful emblem of thy faithless author——lern! said my uncle, reaching it towards the fire——burn and be damned, said *Tam*——nay, said my uncle, snatching it from the devouring element, return to thy patron, and may he use thee for *another* purpose! Tam ran back with the paper, and my uncle went to bed.

SLIP SLOP.

Æmilius Paulus Flaminius Quintus Julius Cæsar Muzzlemump is a man of fine natural parts, a great admirer of the liberal sciences, and educated in the learned profession of a soap boiler. When he had gone thro' a regular process of professional studies, it happened that the beautiful and accomplished Miss Margaretta-Maria Sophia Angelica Grizzlegig became deeply enamoured with this same Æmilius Paulus Flaminius Quintus Julius Cæsar Muzzlemump, and was married to him contrary to the consent of both her papa and mama, who who kept a respectable pawn-broker's repository in the polite neighborhood of Drury-lane.

A reconciliation, however was gradually brought about, and in the course of three years, the father and mother both departed this transitory life, leaving Æmilius Paulus and Margaretta Maria in possession of a genteel fortune.

Æmilius Paulus now gave up his business, whereby he became enabled to enjoy at large those more accomplishing pursuits for which nature had so manifestly designed him.

It is about five years since Æmilius Paulus quitted business, in which time as he himself says, he has made no small progress in the circle of polite literature: but, unfortunately, Æmilius and Margaretta are strangers to that amiable maxim, upon which subsist all the felicities of wedlock; for in general, whatever the one admires the other hath a peculiar aversion to. In short, they scarcely ever agree two days together; and the subjects upon which they quarrel, are frequently education and family.

It is not many days since I had the honor to attend the above lady and gentleman in a hackney coach to that agreeable situation called Mount Pleasant. 'I do insist upon your going,' says Æmilius Paulus; 'For I'll shew you one of the most sweetest and most ruralest places you ever seed.' But we had not ridden half a mile from Smithfield, when Æmilius Paulus, putting his head out at one of the windows, ordered the coachman to drive more faster; upon which, Margaretta putting her head out at the other, ordered him to drive more slower.—'Drive more faster, I say, coachman,' cries Æmilius. 'I say, drive more slower, coachman,' cries Margaretta. Æmilius Paulus submitted, and the horses kept on a gentle trot.

When we were arrived at Mount Pleasant and had ordered tea and coffee, Æmilius Paulus, taking me by the arm, assured me he would now shew a most capturvating prospect. 'We'll just,' says he, 'walk up to the surplus of the mount, and then we've all before us. Here! here! here's beauty already! now here! now mind! only observe! there's Shooter's hill! and there! don't you see that there white house there? don't you see a thing like a cubola? Skim your eye a little more this way, and you'll have it. O ravishing landscup!—and there's St. Paul's church just before us! and there's the monerment! and there's St. Bride's church, where my wife and I was married!' 'Ay, hang the church,' cries Mrs. Muzzlemump, 'I've hated the sight of it ever since.' 'And so have I too,' replies Æmilius Paulus. 'And there you see the river Terms, and the hills in Surrey! Now is not this the most ruralest and the most sweetest place you ever seed! This is the place for pholosephars!'

Mrs. Muzzlemump, with a kind of contemptuous smile, observed, 'that she had been taught to understand, that pholosephars always chose solontary places to live in:' but Æmilius Paulus insisted that she knew nothing about the matter.

When we had sufficiently viewed each attractive object, and had retired to the coffee room, Æmilius looking very importantly at me, asked me whether or no I had ever read Pope's works? 'That there Pope,' added he, 'was a man of fine talons, and a true son of Parnassicus!' Mrs. Muzzlemump, turning her head gracefully towards me, most politely apologized for the insipidity of her husband's company. Upon which, Æmilius looking dreadfully angry at her, called her 'a poor illiter'd wretch.'

'Illittered!' replies Mrs. M. with fine spirit, 'what do you mean, sir, by illiter'd? my family were never none of them illitered! My uncle Hogwash, of Cripplegate Ware (that's now dead and gone) was famous for his learning, and gave me the best of edercations! I was always looked upon as a lady of genus and sentiment, till I had the misfortune to take leave of my senses, and throw'd myself headlong away upon a paltry soap boiler! I mought have——'

Soap boiler, madam, replies Æmilius Paulus, with great dignity of resentment——a soap boiler! Surely as good as the daughter of a scurvy pawn broker?

'Intolerable impernince! cries poor Mrs. Muzzlemump, with tears in her eyes——What do you mean, you wilin, by your scandal on the memory of my papy? I wish he was alive to hear you.'

Æmilius would have continued the quarrel, had I not interfered: Mrs. Muzzlemump, however, renewed it on our return home; and supremely happy I therefore thought myself when the welcome moment arrived for my taking leave of this blessed couple.

Two of the greatest evils, surely, which deform the human mind, are pride and ignorance united.

The above amiable lady has an only daughter to whom nature hath indulgently given many personal attractions: but it were better perhaps for the daughter, if she was less pretty; for the lessons which she receives daily from her accomplished mama, may render her, in spite of all her beauty, one of the ugliest objects breathing.

Persons of mean extraction, of confined education, and mistaken ideas, are often the most unfortunate, when fortune apparently smiles most on them; for what is elevation in life without cultivation of manners?

The public will doubtless recollect, that during the early part of last session of the legislature, the *Aurora* and the squad of minor democratic papers, were filled with Dr. Leib's fine spun speeches; but since his translation to *the American hospital of incurables*, alias the Senate of the United States, we see none of Leib's speeches, except *yea* or *nay*.

The Amorous Divine has, after a three days occupancy of his post on the other side of the Delaware, opposite this city, borrowed the phrase of Duane and Binns, 'changed his position,' and gone we know not whither. During his three days residence at the beforementioned place, himself, the Fair Convert, and son Jab ate very little, but brought up the leeway by drinking six gallons of French brandy, together with an enormous quantity of milk.

"The Tickler tells!"

Since the king of Ignorance so egregiously committed himself in Olmsted's case, the assertions of his being stupid and incapable of

governing have told, *as may be readily inferred from the silent approbation of the Duanean democrats—the raving curses of Binns and his faction, and the writhings of lawyers Lisp, Notquiteblack, Tittyboy, parson Hey, and Mat Randall.*

A number of democrats, natives and foreigners, about one year ago, were conversing on the subject of the *persecutions* endured by Irish, Scotch, and English patriots. The cases of Joseph Gerald, Muir, Palmer and others were mentioned; when John Binns, who was present, fearing he would not come in for his share of applause and sympathy of the company, very *modestly* and with a solemn phiz, observed, that no man had suffered more in that cause than himself, nor had any person been so fortunate in escaping the vengeance of that tyrannical government. In proof of this he declared, that he had been in *twenty one* different jails in England and Ireland; but had always come off unhurt. After this declaration, every one present admitted, and so will all mankind, that John Binns is the greatest *Pat-riot* they ever heard of.

There has existed for about 2 years past in this city, an association called 'the Society of Independent Democrats.' We have always been at a loss to conjecture what this society meant by attaching the term independent to their association. We at first supposed they intended thereby to signify that they were determined to be independent of Duane and Leib, but from the election of *honest Mat Randall* as a member of that society which we are informed has actually taken place, we have been lead to believe that by the word independent they mean an independence of all the moral obligations which bind society together, and that he who is the greatest rascal is to be considered the best member of this independent club.

For the honor of some of the members of that society, however, we will state, that our informant says, that *honest Mat* was elected by a majority of only one vote and that he would not have had even that majority, but that one member who intended to have put in a black ball, put in a white one through mistake.

Those democrats, who from an aversion to Leib and Duane left the Tammany Society & the Friends of the People, to join the Independent Democrats, may be said to have jumped out of the frying pan into the fire; for Duane and Leib are saints, when compared with such men as honest Mat Randall and his very *hopeful* son Jotniah.

FOR THE TICKLER.

Mr. John Binns,

I suppose you did not think my first scrawl worth your honor's notice, let alone worthy of a place in your virtuous and pure columns: perhaps if the writer of them is not quite as much used to prostituting his abilities in slandering his benefactors as you are, he has a pure conscience—a conscience that cannot reproach him with ingratitude—neither can it reproach him with attempting to seduce innocence, and endeavoring to destroy the reputation of a virtuous female, a resident in the same house wherein you had been fed and clothed *gratis*—the head of which family you have, since you could not accomplish your base end, as you wished with the young girl, you have done all you could to injure their characters; here again your true character bursts forth, the most base ingratitude has marked your course of life, since you first polluted our pure and real republican shores—think of *hen houses, hog houses, stables and barns*, and many other such places, call to your mind those places and your actions when in and about them; such thoughts would be killing to the mind of any one but such a wretch as you, who are callous to all sense of shame or feeling. In place of being a protection to the sex which nature gave to man as a help mate, by us to be succoured, you have acted as the Vulture, first hover over, and then destroy. Do you ever read the Tickler, and particularly of late, two communications signed DETECTOR? Do you know the author of them, can you deny the charges therein made against you? you ought to go at your original occupation, for nature intended you for it——gathering *soap fat and ashes*——you boast that you will write down the Aurora; abler pens than yours have tried that, and you know how well they have succeeded—you only want to be brought into notice; for the miserable faction who support you, cannot, not even with the aid of your pitiful correspondent *Frosty-face* Jemmy 'Slender:' but as he has got what he has been in want of ever since he became a politician, he will, I suppose, cease to aid you, he is any thing but an honest and a sincere christian——how consequential the little school-master now struts along the streets, with a cane in his hand as large as himself, but old customs cannot be left off if old occupations can, he was so fond of using the whip when in the station that nature intended him for, that he is not contented without something similar in his hand even now. I could not help laughing to see him at the last town meeting, he looked so very like a monkey at a fair or a bear-beat—he twisted and screwed his face and eyes to such a degree, that many thought he had need of a mad shirt. He has now got the reward of 15 years labour, as he himself says.

You are one of the most inconsistent scoundrels that ever disgraced our country; for at the time you were advocating the measures of Snyder and the legislature, with respect to their conduct in the case of Olmsted, in your paper, you were writing to the members of the legislature to compromise the matter and pay the man his due, which ought to have been done 30 years ago; if any one else had acted in this way, would you not have opened your flood gates of slander upon them? yes, very soon.

I suppose it was you that advised the officers of the most respectable corps in the city, to burn their commissions, if gen. Bright and the serjeants guard were convicted. You invited Simon to come to Philadelphia on the 4th of March, to see his own triumph—if he had come, I think he should have been mounted on a wheel barrow, and your honourable self trotting between the handles of the barrow to wheel him—the king of ignorance was truly sorry that he could not comply with your invitation; perhaps his coach had not arrived from Philadelphia, and it would be beneath his dignity to ride in the stage, and you like another vain fool, published your letter of invitation and his answer declining the visit.

I shall tell you some more plain truths in my next, for depend upon it this is not the last. I know you, and am acquainted with many of your dirty tricks, and was it not for your amiable and afflicted wife, I would harrow up your feelings and conscience if you have any.

Yours with disgust.

CATO.

NB. Perhaps you may wish to know where I am to be found: apply within a few doors of your friend Orth, where you used to hold your caucus's last fall, or at Mrs Wray's tavern, Filbert-street, or of John Steel, of religious memory, or of Thomas Passmore, of custom-house memory, all of whom are intimate with *virtue*, & in particular Henry Orth, whom I have a just reason to know and remember——let him pay me what he owes me, and I will say no more of him.

To prevent impressions being made on the public mind, unfavorable to that man of veracity, candour, truth and politeness, *Tom Passmore*, auctioneer, we assert, in unequivocal terms, that he is not in the habit of knocking off goods to his *particular* friends, without waiting for or receiving the bids of other purchasers: nor has he ever been known to demean himself rudely towards females. We are induced to make this statement, that the world may see that we know how to appreciate *worth*, such as Passmore possesses.

Bob Taylor the Chesnut-street *wood-lark*, lately refused to let a gentleman have eleven cords of wood, which he had bargained for, unless he would agree to its being hauled by carts of which Bob is *supposed* to be the *owner*. Bobby appears to be determined '*to make hay while the sun shines.*'

Remarkable instance of youthful depravity.

At the time the pewholders of the tabernacle were disputing about the affair of their amorous divine, Josiah Tittyboy mentioned a particular fact relative to the affair to some of those who were interested, and gave Doctor Heylin as the person who told him. A committee waited on the doctor to enquire from whom he received the story, but he declared, upon his honour, & offered to declare on oath if they wished it, that he never heard the story before, nor ever had mentioned any thing of the kind to Tittyboy, or any one else. The committee then went to Tittyboy, who still insisted that Dr. Heylin had informed him of what he had related: the committee upon taking into consideration the characters of the two men, believed Tittyboy to be the inventor of the lie. A short time after, one of the committee and Tittyboy were standing at the corner of Chesnut & 3d streets, when Dr. Heylin came along. Tittyboy saw the doctor & advanced up to him offering him his hand: the doctor not wishing to be outdone in politeness, shook hands with him in a friendly way. After the doctor had gone, Tittyboy said to the other gentleman 'Did not you see how friendly the doctor shook hands with me, do you think he would have been so polite if I had told the lie on him which he says I did—no, the polite manner in which you saw him shake hands with me, furnishes the most satisfactory evidence that he is sensible of the wrong he has done me by denying it; he himself is the liar. I'm sure you would not treat any person with such politeness who had fathered such a lie upon you.'

This is nearly up to some of *honest Mat's* conduct. It has always been the practice with Scots and English renegadoes who wish to become men of consequence among the American democrats, to represent themselves as having been persecuted in their own country, on account of their republican principles, and having fled to this country to avoid these political persecu when in truth, they have come here to avoid the me ed punishment which they had incurred by the mo.. atrocious violation of the laws of nature & society.

Vide honest Mat.

Does the little New-Market-man, of stolen rope memory, know a landlord, who, after repeated applications from the tenant, a woman who keeps a millenery shop on the east side of Second-street, New-Market, to make the necessary repairs to render the house tenantable, allowed the tenant to make such repairs as she thought proper, and the expences of the same to be deducted from her rent, and as soon as the repairs were completed, gave her notice that at the end of the quarter he should raise her rent, & accordingly did; which the poor woman was obliged to submit to, or lose her place of establishment.

FOR THE TICKLER.

Mr. Scratch'em,

A resident in the neighbourhood, begs leave through the medium of your paper, to request the keeper of a certain boarding-house, not far from Union street, to use some method of laying the ghost which every few nights disturbs the quiet of nearly the whole neighbourhood. This ghost is first seen about the middle of the night, clad, not in white, the usual dress of ghosts, but in sable attire, majestically walking up and down the street, and not unfrequently for hours. At length as the hour of midnight approaches, it darts forth with the rapidity of an arrow—seizes the knocker ——raps violently at the door—then shrieks out, 'not in the voice of thunder,' but in the voice of a female, demanding entrance——no one replies——again she knocks——then swears vengeance on him who has forsaken her, on the perfidious Columbia.

Thus after venting its rage, the ghost disappears for the night. But the same scene night after night, has taken place for two months past.

Some have been curious enough to follow its tracks after leaving the scene of action, and have kept it in view until it arrived in Elizabeth-street, where it always would vanish. Now, Mr. Scratch'em, as in all ages when the dead have appeared to disturb the living, that after the cause of their trouble having been removed, they have ceased appearing, I would recommend that the bones of capt. Columbia be immediately removed from their present place of deposit.

Z.

Slop-shop Jones,

A Water-street Taylor, and time out of mind a bully among the gentlemen of the *Shears*, took occasion some time since, when in trim, as capt. O'Brien would say, to harangue a groupe of draymen at *Gorman's grog-shop*, upon the situation of our foreign affairs, *a wag* of the whip observed, *orator* Jones always held forth upon foreign subjects, but continued Pat, *that's becase Mister Jones is a foreigner till all the subjects he's after spaking at, but if he'd just give us a little bit af an account af his own domestic affairs at the west end of the town, it would sartinly be more divarting, becase Mister Jones is allowed to be very well acquainted with the use of the needle*——this observat on, together with the huzzas of about 20 of the sons of the whip, so discomposed the orator, that he sneaked off, to the no small amusement of every one present.

Harrowgate Revived.

JOSEPH CLAYPOOLE,

BEGS LEAVE to inform the public, that he has removed to *HARROWGATE*, within four miles of the city, on the Frankford road, (a place which for health and elegance is unrivalled;) he has provided the best liquors, and will use every exertion to give satisfaction to those who may favour him with their custom. The springs, so well known for their salutary properties, are in excellent order.

Small families or single persons can be accommodated with boarding & lodging.

BREAKFASTS,

DINNERS,

COFFEE AND RELISHES,

can be immediately furnished.

June 14

From the PROVIDENCE GAZETTE.

Charming nymph, with step so airy,
Why so swiftly trip the dew?
Whether goddess, sylph or fairy
Quit not yet my ravish'd view.

See the flowers, that rise to meet thee,
Gathering lustre from thine eye;
See the grateful groves, that greet thee,
Echoing soft the West wind's sigh.

See how every hill grows brighter,
See how mellow 's every shade;
See, each lass's step is lighter,
See, the rose forgets to fade.

Why, then, fair unknown, and whither
Dost thou hasten to depart?
Let my wishes woo thee hither,
And, oh tell me—*who thou art!*

I am one, enquiring stranger,
Whom no wish or prayer detains;
Through the cots and fields a ranger,
Mountain's side, or corn-clad plains.

Often, by the sound of tabor,
I the rustics' care beguile:
On the brow of honest labor
Is bestow'd my richest smile.

From the city,s smoke-roll'd vapors
Far away I bend my flight;
Midnight revels, glaring tapers,
Ne'er behold my footsteps light.

Thousands spread their wealth before me,
Bribing my eternal stay;
Thousands more with prayers adore me:
Wealth and prayers are thrown away.

What, *deprived of me*, is treasure,
What Golconda,s glittering wealth?
Stranger, know that not a pleasure
Lives without me—I AM HEALTH.

From the Staunton Republican Farmer.

Adventures of one of the Jeffersonian functionaries, as represented by himself.

We sailed from Norfolk for Orleans the 1st of Feb. 1809, under capt. ——, of the *Light Dragoons*—experienced nothing like difficulty or fear, except a little *heaving*, which is not uncommon among us new-made back-woods *salmon*, till about the middle of the month. when we came *athort* an embargo-breaker. All hands were immediately told *to quarter*, and with their *pistols*, which they pull'd out of their pockets, for we had no *horses* on board, and of course could not use our *holsters*, brought to the Embargo-breaker! Our captain immediately ordered the captain of the embargo-breaker with some few of his men on board our vessel, and put myself and 14 men on board the former, with instructions to *me* to keep her in tow with his vessel till we took vessel and men into an American port for trial. But in the night unfortunately a *squall* shifted us, and the vessels parted, and there were so many big waves in the morning that I couldn't find our captain's vessel any where. So I took the *binnacle*, I think they call it, and went up *mast high*, but after all my looking *through it*, could see neither land, vessel or *Dragoons*. I begun to feel ugly, and the sea was dashing about monstrously, and one of the waves washed almost over me as I was sitting by what is called the companion-way; the water was so hot it scalded me very much, and the sailors said we were in the gulph. I directly gave orders to take the vessel into an American port, but the sailors refused to work. I swore they should work the vessel, and drew my *pistol* to *shoot* them to it, but they only laughed at me—I threatened them with instant death, and immediately told them to take in the—what d'ye call'um—the masts! no—*sails*; they still laughed at me; and to my mortification I then thought that if they were put to death, neither myself or my 14 hands knew any more about the *ship* than we did about military duty while in our corn-fields in Montgomery. What could I do? we were sometimes *head* foremast with our ship, and sometimes *tail*—sometimes the *bottoplit* would strike in the water, and sometimes stick up in the clouds as high as a *pine tree*. I ordered the men to *cast anchor* and let us *stop*: they again roared out laughing, but did as I told them; the fact is, that it went down so quick that we lost it, the *big rope* that was tied to it and all! I catch'd hold of it to stop it, but the rope burnt my hands so I was obliged to let it go; and for my part I dont believe it has stopt sinking yet; for I immediately got the *leg* to get *soundings* but deal a bit of bottom I found. What amazing deep water. I had forgot to tell you of an ugly thing that happened to me—as I was going to catch the anchor rope the vessel turned round so that I fell up against the iron thing they cook in, *kaboose* they call it, and dirted my uniform coat all over, and hurt my leg shockingly. 'Tis amazing how strait the sailors can walk!

While we were in this terrible situation, there come along the biggest thing I ever seed, it look'd for all the world like a *court-house full of people!* I heard the sailors say it was a British man of war——they attacked us, but I found they had such big guns that we could do no good with our pistols, so we struck our *masts* to them, and they carried us into Havanna, where, after *parading* and *manoeuvring* awhile with us, they gave us up every thing and discharged us. To be captured this way, sets me worse than ever against the British—the French never troubled us, nor come in sight of us, and what right had the British there any how? Has'nt Mr. Jefferson strictly forbid their going to sea by his proclamation? If he has'nt, and I can find it out, I'll bet he dont get me to sea again.

We are still here—every thing safe as can be—but can get no sailors to take us to the United States. But thank fortune, I can go about and eat as much sugar as I please——there's the monstrousest sight of it here you ever saw. I wish you had half the things on this *ireland* you would never want any more. When we get off from here, I will write you again. My love to all. You may show this letter to uncle; I know he will be pleased with it——I think for the spirited part I acted while I had the command of the embargo-breaker, he will have me made a captain when I come home.

From the Luzerne Federalist.

DEDICATED TO MAJOR STITCH.

A Buck who thought himself not small,
And dress'd fantastically gay,
Was tripping on to join a ball,
Regardless what was in his way.

As careless thus he onward skipp'd,
Repeating oft, 'faith I'm a blood,'
His foot against a Pig he tripp'd
Which laid him sprawling in the mud.

He told the story to a friend,
Whilst bitterly he curst and swore,
Who dryly said, you may depend
That *Pig* has been a cursed *Horse*.'

Z.

From the Luzerne Federalist.

CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.

A motive to profaneness, more powerful in the minds of those, who use it, than any other, is the supposition that such *freedom* of speech, will exempt them from the odium of *superstitious*, and procure the honourable distinction of liberality of sentiment. And there are many, who dread far less, the frowns of a guilty conscience, than the imputation of a virtuous deed, if called by some opprobrious epithet. They shrink from a contest, in a cause evidently good, against the arms of ridicule & contempt, though used by the basest of mankind. Scoffers have terrified persons of this class, from the path of rectitude, by misapplied language. Notwithstanding this practical demonstration of their cowardice, there are many who think, that there is a kind of independent heroism, in swearing. If this be the way to procure the reputation of courage and boldness, how easy is the acquisition, and how despicably common is the possession.

But the truth is, every man despises both himself and others for the practice; though he supposes it will, in the view of the world, clear him from any reverence to God, or regard to mankind; and of course from the disgrace attached to bigotry, which has of late, been maliciously associated with piety and virtue. In the first place, no man approbates swearing in himself: I can safely risk the decision of this point, upon an appeal to your own judgment.

When did you ever look back with an approving smile, upon this trait in your own character? And where is the person, who can with truth, declare that to the reviewing of such conduct, he is indebted for the enjoyment of present happiness? Does it alleviate the burden of the present life, or lay a foundation, to hope for bliss in the next? Let the answer of any individual, given soberly, at those moments, when reason, in spite of habit or passion, extorts unwilling truths from him, determine the question. And I can affirm without the least fear of contradiction, that no one estimates a fellow being, more highly, on account of such a possession. And the assertion may be clearly supported by a very slight consideration of the subject. *That*, which we approbate & esteem valuable, we earnestly desire to see in the possession of our dearest friends and nearest relation. And moved by sincere affection, parents would be found inculcating it upon their children: and friends unfolding its excellencies to each other, and combinating their influence for its promotion. When or where, was profaneness treated in this manner? Tell me, O Parents! do you look with flattering expectation upon this characteristic of your child, as the germ of future greatness, as the unerring prognostic of extensive usefulness? If so, why do you not enjoin it upon the instructors of your children, to teach them to lisp, instead of the rudiments of science, the blasphemy of God! Why do you not instruct them yourselves, to close the day with profaneness, and to salute the morning with oaths?

But stay——O Parent! Tell me, why you chuse to dispense with the company of your children, when you swear? What is it but disapprobation of such conduct that compels you to reprove, or to *request others*, to reprove in them, what you practise yourself? Do children reverence their parents for their fluency in cursing both God and man? And what are a brother's emotions, when this horrid diction *graces* the blooming sweetness of a beloved sister! or who does not know, that, like the polar snows chilled by a thousand winters, it instantly quenches the flames of love.

The only operating motive then, is the supposition of the individual, that in the view of others, it will wear the appearance of manly boldness, and procure for him the character of independence of thought. But the fallacy of this, if I mistake not, has been sufficiently shown. Besides, that mad temerity which violates every thing sacred, is no part of a hero, or of a man of courage.

'True fortitude is seen in great exploits,
That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides,
All else, is towering frenzy and distraction.'

But notwithstanding all this specious appearance of courage and independence, profane swearing is a most cowardly conformity to the *supposed* opinions of others; and that, as has been clearly proved in direct opposition to private sentiment. And he who makes use of it, has received the bridle of the public in his mouth, and must pass the remainder of his days, in groveling subjection to an imaginary tyrant. It is a servitude of all others the most debasing—it is *voluntary*, and sinks the *slave* to the lowest degree of degradation. There is, however, one class of people, to which I have nothing to say. With those who are established in iniquity by inveterate habits and incorrigible obstinacy, I shall waste no time. With the most vigorous efforts my feeble powers, would be too weak to rouse them to serious reflection. To such, the voice of reason would be like 'the voice of one crying in the wilderness.' And the wisdom of Solomon might be employed against them without effect. Could I wield the club of Hercules, with the strength of Goliah, I might jam them into momentary sepsibility.

But upon you, who are not perfectly abandoned, I call, to awaken the dying embers of your virtue; reflect upon the infamy you bring upon yourself. Consider the pernicious effects of your example upon society universally—while you, by your speech, diffuse the most deadly venom. And you who are parents, remember, that children are soon able to read your actions, and to discern their tendency. Profaneness, is a vice, which is learned only by hearing it from others, and perpetuated solely by example. It has no claim upon the ruins of the *fall*, for its support; and the turpitude of the guilt, is diminished by no natural propensity. The aggravation of such wickedness, must remain to be described by others; for my imagination is too frigid and unfruitful, successfully to attempt it.

You, who are willing to be guided by the sure deductions of common sense, enumerate those *sages* and *heroes*, recorded in history, that now captivate by their profanity. Has cursing ever been the ground of meritorious distinction, among persons of the greatest celebrity? Examine greatness, and see if irreverence constitutes any part of its composition. Examine goodness, but I shrink from the absurd supposition! Hast thou no power to act according to the decisions of your own judgment? Hast thou no ambition to be virtuous, and respected as such? Nor any desire to bridle thy tongue, which 'is a fire, a world of iniquity,' 'it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature, and *it* is set on fire of hell.' 'It is an unruly evil, and full of all deadly poison.' And will any, except maniacs, throw loose the reins of such a member, and leave it to scatter, without restraint, its fatal contagion.

X. Y.

The following curious order was lately sent to a grocer in this city.

O thou who kepest brandy, old spirits, &c. who dwellest in ——'s store, who art a shadow of a great rock in a weary land—as a river in a thirsty land—who shelterest warm maids from tempest, even from rain. Selah, vouchsafe unto thy servant one pint of spirits, old and mellow—yea verily.

I. T. H.

EPIGRAM.

Do you, said Fanny, t'other day,
In earnest love me as you say?
Or are those tender words applied
Alike to fifty girls beside?
Dear, cruel girl, cried I, forbear;
For by those eyes—those lips—I swear——
She stopp'd me as the oath I took,
And cried, you've sworn—*now kiss the book*.

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